



Jasmine Dreame Wagner, a retired welder, returns to Crabapple Creek to birth a new advertising slogan. An akido master of Wren, Fog, Granite and Kale, she uses thin black pens, calluses, wires and astrology to create music as the Cabinet of Natural Curiosities. She sleeps with bay leaves beneath her pillow, ensconced in glitter-lined concrete. She is also a ham.

Please describe your favorite poem or kind of poetry.

Woe to the lack of birds and clouds in modern poetry! Woe to the lack of weather! How am I to love you if I cannot romp, reel in the plinth of your heather?

If you could spend a day with a living poet you admire, what would you do together? What might a passerby overhear?

I would travel back in time to hang with Marianne Moore down by the "schoolyard".

**Which relationship is more important:
a) poetry and politics or
b) poetry and philosophy? Why?**

I read "somewhere" that "politics are Hollywood for ugly people". The important question is: where does that place us academics? Relationships. Not that poets have them, but, well, if Kant is to burlap sacks of kittens as Rumsfeld is to sacks of bricks, what then? I'll quit here.

If you were able to place poetry in the world where it does not seem prominent, how would it behave there?

Snake-in-a-can!

Where will we see you and your work in five years?

Describing deer to a blind woman in an advertisement for Old Milwaukee.

Tell us a story: what drew you to poetry in the first place? Why did you start writing?

I began writing in the first grade. I composed a poem regarding unicorns frolicking in spring, gorging themselves on blueberries. The poem was published in Gainfield Elementary School Literary Magazine (ref. my CV, thx) but the editor (RIP) neglected to consult me prior with galleys. Resulting, unicorns were replaced with horses, correct spelling of "frolicking" replaced with incorrect, spring replaced with summer, the only detail remaining, of course, blueberries, blueberries, blueberries. Poetry quit me that year, and my next work was an illustrated volume concerning Jason [full name redacted] saving me, Cassandra, from a burning building. This work remains unpublished.

TRADITIONAL LITERATURES OF THE NATIVE AMERICAN

What do dream dictionaries really do?
Prescribe analgesics for ectopic raccoons?
Words drowning in air, in concrete birdbaths?
Manuals of medicine, truth and lies
to copyright in the babble of birthdays?
Someone stole the cookies from the cookie jar.
Someone was disciplined and punished
in Rome, in the Greek style, also known
as mayonnaise in the southwestern USA.
A light in the attic. A lighthouse in Attica.
Xenophobic behavior causing sledding
accidents in northern New England's adolescents.
Mao Tse-Tung on Guerrilla Warfare.
Dress for success. Leave Las Vegas.

Dress for success. Leave Las Vegas.
Lose yourself in Yonkers, or in someone
else's malted. Visit Canada's Maritime Provinces.
Learn to speak Russian in 20 minutes a day.
Our last good chance: our waking minds
in praise of Cheers, our journey into Cyprus,
silver on the tree, on syntax, on the piano.
All the king's men say maybe I sing
of the hitchhiker in the heart of Harlem,
the missing piece, the lion in the marshmallow
suit that loved the circus. I sing my beloved
accountant. Goodnight, taxes; goodnight, spoon.
What do butterflies do when it rains?
What butterflies ultimately do is avoid it.

What butterflies ultimately do is avoid it.
A storm is no trivial matter. A raindrop
to a butterfly would be the equivalent to you
or me being pelted by bowling balls tossed
from the I-beam of Harry's local construction
demolition drive-thru, which is actually Professor
Harold's experiment in twelve-tone hyperreality.
Nothing exists with respect to the butterfly.
Take a cue from the butterfly: find shelter.
Become an aerial acrobat because you can.
Perfect that design for the invincible arterial
flying machine, because the airplane industry
is going out of style like the lambada
and no one will marry a sucker who can't dance.

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TRADITIONAL LITERATURES OF THE NATIVE AMERICAN

No one will marry a sucker who can't dance.
Even the alligators in the sewers can dance.
John Goodman can dance. Why can't you?
Ask an expert. Ask your doctor. Call today
for more information on how to remove
kerosene, oil with ease. Gas is down,
guess that means Sir Dumbo's in town,
warm and elegant in merino wool
available in navy, pewter buttons finishing
those luxurious garments your husband
will love. Handsome elegance surpasses
his shoddy everyday plumage. His raggedy soles
embarrass you. His substance abuse embarrasses everyone.
Thank goodness there's a sale on diamonds!

Thank goodness there is a sale on diamonds.
Imagine wearing a ring that is permanently polished.
Guaranteed against scratching with a lifetime
size exchange. Love it or leave it
within 30 days. Explore how art, mathematics
and science meet in the timeless expression
of slaves rendered exquisitely in cloisonne'.
Does it remind you of the grapes of Napa
the summer of the 1998 vintage? Tell me,
what ape stole the keys to the department
of toxicology and set all the radicals free?
This is not a case of necromancy, the background
material for the obits is written in advance
and stored for posterity.

MEN DISAPPEAR

Men disappear through an exit
into the cornfield, and when the
men disappear to look for work,
men disappear in all directions.

Men disappear in nervous, jerky movements.
At sea, emergency teams of
men disappear following arrest by military
intelligence. Men disappear

and only their ideas remain.
In the blink of an eye,
behind closed doors,
a month later,

white longboats of men
disappear on Sundays
to watch football.
"Men disappear? Can't see that being a problem."
-Julie

Some come back.
Most don't.
In the distance, they
submerge and resurface in a cloud

from the fruitful soils where they were born,
from the film after the splice at frame 207,
from the clubs week after week and into faded
obituaries. Who shot those boys? Those

men? Disappear.
Someday no one will march there at all. Waltzing
men disappear without a trace
before the war,

into the bowels
for 2 to 3 years, and when they come back
they are missing
their power boats and rifles. They creep,

crawl closer.
They're about to settle
the score
in a flash of sparkling light.

Men disappear
into a restaurant.
Men disappear
into a garage

where man becomes his own standard.
You can't hide
the truth in nylon, men are determined
to go out with a bang, but

men disappear from history.
Can you describe the typical black mariner?
What happens to men on the day of reckoning?
Shall I not, on that day make the wise

*men disappear from Edom, and understanding
from the mount of Esau?*
"Men disappear once they learn
of a pregnancy. Just my opinion."
-Heidi

Men disappear
from TV, website
statistics, genealogy.
"Even the Vatican's

model of family life lacks
a father." –catholicsforchoice.org
Men disappear from the concourse,
up the staircase with her luggage.

In the backyard, they smoke
cigars in the dark.
Each year, buried by ore, these very men
disappear. "Riverine civilizations"

emerge from the foliage,
hiding other men. They attempt
to fly airplanes over certain heights. Human
rights organizations claim each time the pilot extends

his hand: "Luck to you," he says. "You'll need it."
Men disappear in the general analysis, leaving
Homer alone
as the masculine abdicates.

Researching the Well of Sacrifice.
Into a beam of helicopter light.
Flitting through the tall sticks.
Men disappear into the skeleton

50 years after they tell their wives they need to go
to the store. President Johnson:
Well, it depends on the kind of men, Jim.
Men disappear after apologizing for everything.

THE PASSING OF THE DEED

It begins with a small wall.
A fifteen-year-old girl with a peanut allergy
dies after kissing her boyfriend.
He is left

with a mountain of pollen and raw honey.
He wakes with red welts all over his body.

This is the parable of tractors
in the fields.

Novice outlaw, allergic
to chocolate and flowers

Swarm that settles
on a cherry tree

We cannot save ourselves
with good deeds.

If we truly amend our ways
If we truly practice justice between a man and his allegory

the most honorable thing about that man is
his hum.

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